bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & boare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

AH for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiuer and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the worlo wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to
But my flowring youth is foe to fro
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blam
That once seabeate, will to sea agai
So loytring liue you little heardgr
Keeping your beastes in the budded
And when the shining sunne langhe
You deemen, the Spring is come a
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold
And crowing in pypes made of gre
You thinken to be Lords of the yea
But est, when ye count you freed fr
Comes the breme winter with cha
Full of wrinckles and frostie furro
Dyerily shooting his stormy darte
Which cruddles the blood, and py
Then is your careless cozage acc
Your carefull heards with cold ben
Then paye you the price of your s
With weeping, and wayling, and

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy
That wouldest me, my springing y
I deeme, thy braine emperished be
Through rusty elde, that hath rott
Or sicker thy head beray tottie is,
So on thy crabbe shoulder it leanes
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp
Als my budding braunch thou wo
But were thy peares greene, as n
To other delights they would enc
Tho wouldest thou learne to carol
And hery with hymnes thy lasses
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyll*
But *Phyllis* is myne for many da